

We are Family

by Nintendo Ribena

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Adventure, Family

Language: English

Characters: Alvin the Treacherous, Hiccup, Stoick, Toothless

Status: Completed

Published: 2013-09-03 18:49:20

Updated: 2013-09-04 14:42:04

Packaged: 2016-04-26 16:00:46

Rating: K

Chapters: 4

Words: 1,784

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: The story of Hiccup's cousin's, Olaf, Heather, and Dagur, and their Night Fury, Death. My first story. :)

1. Outcast Island

Outcast Island. That's the place I live. With my father, Alvin the Treacherous, and my sister, Heather. It's cold here. Even colder than Berk. I hate that place. It's where my cousin, Hiccup, lives. My other brother, Dagur, used to live with us, before I was born, but he's gone to another part of the island to be a dragon slayer. We still have dragon attacks here, and we haven't made peace with them yet. But my cousin has. That's why I hate him. He's got a fancy title: 'The Dragon Conquerer.' My father refers to him as this. Why can't I have a title!?

We do have one dragon, though. He's a Night Fury. He's called Death. He's actually Hiccup's dragon's son. We named him Death because that's what he's going to cause to everyone on Berk. This story is about him, and us, and how we got him, and our adventures in our lives. Let's start then.

"Olaf! Heather! Come here!" our father shouted. Every morning we get up and go to the Outcast Great Hall to have a meeting.

"Now, you two, I've got a mission for you." he said. "See this map?"

"Yes, Father." we said.

"I want you to go to Berk. I've heard that _Hiccup_- " he said my cousin's name like it was a bad word. Which it was. "has invented a new thing. He calls it the Mangler. I need you to go and steal it. And while you're at it, I need you to steal the Book of Dragons too. But we need someone to look after you. I can't because I've got things to do. Does anyone want to?

Nobody raised their hand except Savage.

"Yes, Savage?" our father said.

"Sir, I've got an idea. How about nobody comes with them. I mean, you've got things to do, and because I'm your second-in-command, I've got to help you, and nobody else wants to, so how about it? And they can look after themselves, can't they?"

"Savage, that's a brilliant idea! Okay, you two, you're going on your own. And remember, if you fail this mission..."

"I know, I know," I said. "Dragon stable cleaning duty."

"Right. Okay then, off you go! Have fun! And try not to die!"

Heather and I made our way down to the docks and got into a boat. We stayed mostly quiet on the way, although I couldn't help noticing that the sky around Berk had turned blood red. Me and my sister were both thinking the same thing: there was a dragon attack going on in Berk!

When we got there, we jumped out of the boat and raced to Hiccup's house. I cautiously opened the door and looked around. There seemed to be nobody inside. I told Heather to be lookout and stay outside. I went in and closed the door. After checking there was still nobody around, I went upstairs to Hiccup's room. Stoick wasn't in his room; he was out taking care of the dragon attack. He was probably out there now, busy punching a Monstrous Nightmare senseless. I ran over to Hiccup's desk. Yes! The plans for the Mangler were there! I reached out my hand to grab it, but I almost jumped out of my skin when a voice behind me said:

"Hey Olaf. How's it going?"

I turned around to find Hiccup behind me.

"Heather let you in?" I asked, incredulous.

"Yeah. I just told her I needed to get something, and she let me in."

"I just need to borrow something." I said, holding up the plan for the Mangler. "Can I?"

"Yeah, sure." replied Hiccup. "Just make sure to bring it back."

"I will." I said, and dashed out of the house.

I met my sister outside.

"Did you get it?" she asked.

"Yeah, I did."

"Good. Now all we need to do is go to the Great Hall and steal the Book of Dragons."

We climbed up the many steps to reach it and opened the doors. I was expecting to find it deserted, but instead Stoick and the other Vikings were there, having a meeting.

"We need to finish them before they finish us." Stoick was saying. Gobber was sitting next to him, and in his hand was the Book of Dragons!

2. The Less You Know the Better

We need to steal it." Heather said.

"Yeah, I guessed that." I said sarcastically.

"Come on." she said.

"But my helmet! It doesn't look anything like a Viking of Berk's helmet!"

"Just try to blend in. Now come on!"

I tried to hide behind a crate, but my distinctive Outcast helmet horns gave me away and I was spotted by Stoick as he passed by.

He grabbed me by my shirt.

"WHAT IN THOR'S NAME ARE YOU DOING HERE, OLAF?! GET OUT OF HERE!" He pushed me and my sister roughly towards the Great Hall's entrance. I fell flat on my face. I picked myself up and walked out, my head low, my face the colour of blood. I tried to block the sound of the Vikings' laughter out of my ears, but I couldn't. I heard my uncle Stoick laughing at me too.

My face was still the same colour as I shoveled out the dragon poo in the stables. I'd given the Mangler plans to my father and he said he was pleased, but because I'd failed to get the Book of Dragons, we'd still not completed the mission. When we'd finished cleaning out the stables, we both went upstairs. I laid on my bed, trying to ignore the roars of dragons outside.

I woke up to find a pair of murderous green eyes staring at me. I did the only thing a terrified Viking could do: I screamed. My father came running in.

"Boy, what are you yelling like that for? It's only the new dragon. Now come outside. I've got something to show you." I tiptoed past my still sleeping sister and followed my father. We walked right up to the top of the island, to the top of the docks. We climbed the winding staircase to the very top, where the horn was. I saw something shaped like a telescope covered over with a tarp.

"Okay lad," my father said. "Are you ready?"

"Yes, Father. I'm ready."

My father flung the tarp off with a flourish. Under it was... The Mangler!

"Now, this is a very important thing, Olaf. My men and I spent all of

last night building this, and you're only to use it when Hiccup comes to the island. Understand?"

I nodded.

"But Father, I've got a question. How did you get the new dragon in the first place?"

"Olaf, the less you know, the better, boy." My father said. He went off back to the house with Death following at his heels, leaving me to think about what he'd said.

3. The Letter

When I followed my father inside, I went upstairs and I sat down at my desk and started writing a letter to Hiccup.

****To Hiccup****

****Pleez help uz! Wee r in grave danger and wee need u 2 help. The dragon attacks are getting wurse and wee wuld reely apriciate it if u came 2 train them 4 us.****

****Urs Truely,****

****Olaf (Alvin's sun)****

"There. That should do it." I thought. I put the letter into an envelope and licked it. I went down to the Outcast Post Office and addressed the letter to:

Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III

The Isle of Berk

The Barbaric Archipelago

The Earth That is As Flat As A Pancake

Satisfied, I went home and waited for a reply to come.

The next morning the postman came. I grabbed the post from him, and ran up to my room to look through it. The first thing I saw was Hiccup's reply.

****To Olaf****

****Go down to the Great Hall. I'll be there.****

****From Hiccup xxx****

I screwed up my letter in disgust. How dare he put kisses at the end of his letter!

Reluctantly, I went to the Great Hall to meet him.

Hiccup was trying to restrain an angry mob of Outcasts, my father among them.

"Olaf, go to the top of the docks- now!" my father said.

I raced to the docks, Hiccup following along behind me on dragon-back, the mob still chasing after him. Heather came with me.

When I reached the top of the docks, Hiccup was flying directly in front of me- the perfect target. I aimed the Mangler at Hiccup. Before he could say anything, I'd fired the Mangler and sent him and his dragon crashing down to the ground.

I rushed down to him. "Olaf didn't mean to fire at you... It was an accident." lied Heather.

Hiccup's dragon clearly didn't seem to think so though. He broke through the net with one slash of his razor-sharp teeth, and pounced on me. The other Outcasts were right. This dragon really was the last thing I would ever see. He readied his fire, preparing to burn me to ashes, but was suddenly stopped by a cry of, "Toothless, no! NO!"

So that was what the dragon was called. He certainly didn't look toothless though. When Toothless still didn't listen, I really started to worry. If Hiccup couldn't even control his dragon, then there was no hope for me. The last thing I remember was my father running fowards and pushing Toothless off of me. Then my vision went as black as Toothless's scales.

4. A Surprise Visit

I walked out of there, lucky to be alive, with Toothless following at my heels. I think the reason why he didn't kill me as soon as I came near him was because I looked a lot like Hiccup. I carried on down the corridor, dragons screeching at me, until I got to the entrance. I pushed open the door, and went to the Great Hall.

"Have you got him?" My father asked.

"Yes." I said.

"Well, I'll go and put him in the Training Grounds while you get the other dragon."

I went to the Jail again and opened the 'Prisoners' door. This time, spikes didn't fly at me; I approached the cage the Nadder was in and took her out, and went back to the Hall.

"Did you get the other one?"

"Yes, I did."

"Good. Now we have our first recruits for the Dragon Army!" Everyone cheered. I did too, because the Dragon Army was going to mean death for everyone on Berk.

End
file.